ROBERT V. KAHLE
200 PARK AVENUE
FLORHAM PARK, N. J. 07932

9/4/90

Dear Brewster,

It is with some pain that I write this letter

Your name came up during the wonderful celebration of Mother's 88th Birthday as an exception (Not exceptional). You were the ONLY grand child that did not write or call Mother. (Even a great grand child had a message) I know it really hurt Mother (and once again a disappointed)

PLEASE accept some sincere fatherly advice. BE SENSITIVE TO OTHER PEOPLE and REMEMBER COMMON COURTESIES. BE THOUGHTFUL.

I have often used the expression "one word to the wise is sufficient". Well, there have been lots of words

This correctable defect in your character will (has) effected you in ways you will probably never know. I can only guess in your case, but I know from experience it can be significant in terms of lost opportunities, friends etc. Your current report card is D-. You seem to call, or communicate ONLY when you want something.

Having said all this, I love you, wish we were closer, and wish you the best.

Love,

Dad

October 5, 1989

Dearest Brew,

Thank you for your letter, written in San Francisco. I almost pop with pride. You have devised a plan to accomplish what you want to do. You are underway with its fulfillment. So far, you have shown your daring to introduce and persuade others to your concept. Hurrah!

Your involvement with Thinking Machines, I believe, has been a most valuable one. They clearly have confirmed my feelings. Your slant to deal with people as partners has always been your way, my dear. You do not, to my knowledge, know another way, and that's just great.

Your big move to the other coast cannot be without trepidation. New housemates, new office mates, new people and situations all around you -- are NEW situations with which to meet. You will do well. You will be dismayed. You will be cowed. You will prevail.

Yesterday, I called my beloved Esoterica # at the Library to ask for publisher of a children's book/story. She went away for about ten minutes to return and say that she could not call up any information. She recommended that I call the Children's Library Reference Department at Donnellan (sp?) Library. That call gave me a woman who spent twenty minutes (or, that was when I was to call back) tracking it down. She got it! Long story:

Growing up, when we saw an adorable house, Mama introduced us to Dandelion Cottage. Grace remembers Mama's reading the story to her. I do not remember the story, but Dandelion Cottage, I do. The wonderful Ms. La Fleur at Donnellan (sp?) came up with the information that the original 1904 edition (appropriate, since Mama was born in 1901) has been reissued. She gave me the name of the publisher, etc. for purchase. It is a book. I sent my check for a copy this morning.

All of this does not make sense unless you know that Grace has contracted to buy a house (Dandelion Cottage) in Madison. It is the house across the path from the one on which she was bidding and lost. It was the one I loved, but did not want to have so nearby. We are going back up tomorrow for the inspection and the banker and the contractor. Her apartment will shortly be on the block -- the broker thinks it is great and will show beautifully, of course.

I shall give her the copy of "Dandelion Cottage" when we go up for the closing in late January.

Grace's purchase of this house is a secret. Alison knows, but no one else shall know. Maybe a place for me will turn up soon.

Oh, I surely hope that you are not going to drive to CA.

There are some fabulous cars for you to see at Black Hawk, CA. That is about 45 miles east of S.F. Saw some of them on, ugh, television. You'll love them. More of how to see them I do not know.

Your adventure is a marvelous one. You are smart to do it now. You are not locked in in any direction. That is good, hon, and I know you will be fine.

My love,

Mom

June 8, 1988

Dear Alice and Brewster,

What a whirlwind weekend! Thank you for all the grand things you provided. From picking me up at the station to Mexican dinner to the frolicking along the coast to the Omnimax film to...to...to. It was terrific to be with you. I do appreciate your efforts.

May I presume that your talks went well yesterday, Brew?

Yesterday, I thought I had a job. I don't. A person, friend of owner's daughter, called her after I had talked with her. He had worked for her previously and reappeared for the summer. Swell.

I have just learned that German Jewish immigrants to this country are enormously prejudiced against the other Jewish people who have come from Europe. Everybody seems to need someone to kick. Will it never cease?

I was correct in my use of "fulcrum" in my conversation with the two boys on the rocks. The Good Book says that figment is something imagined or made up in the mind; fictitious story. Amen.

So far, I have come up with four thoughts of names for your Save-the-Lobstering-Industry device.

The Better Way Bouy
The Smarter Way to Buoy
One-Two Buoy Punch
Pot Survival Insurance

I'll tell Grace about your thoughts. She is terrific in coming up with catchy names and would have fun doing it! It is a fine idea. Hope you can follow up with it.

Enclosed are some puzzles for your friend, Alice.

Brew, those martini/wine glasses (with a pitcher) were a wedding gift from Dick Miller (Mexico, remember?). Thank you for the long trip to the airport. It worked beautifully. My herbs are thriving. I hope as much for your purchases, Alice.

Much love, me

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